



In this issue: **INDIAN TRIBES AT WAR!**

STRAIGHT ARROW

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The Plains Indian:

THE SIOUX

THE SIOUX defeated Custer.

On that long ago day in 1876, the Sioux gathered from the hills and rippling strams of Wyoming, the land of the shining prairies, and wrote a legend in the military story of America. They smashed the Seventh Cavalry, the outfit that was the best of the United States Army! Almost every person in the United States today knows that—but few know of the background of the Dakotas as the Sioux call themselves.

Originally, the Sioux came from Minnesota, a woodland country. When their traditional enemies, the Ojibways, were given guns by the French, they pushed the Sioux westward. Moving steadily toward the sunset, the Sioux burst on the Great Plains somewhere past the middle of the nineteenth century.

There were originally seven tribes of the *nadowe-siw-eg*. Some were dwellers of the forests, some of the middle border, and the others—Teton, Brule, Sans Arc, Miniconjou, Oglala and Hunkpapa—formed the Plains group. The Sioux were warlike Indians, tall and muscular and handsome. Their history is studded with wars with other Indians and with whites. In Minnesota, it was the Sioux who fought in the War of 1862. Under Red Cloud, Rain-in-the-Face and Sitting Bull, they fought Miles and Custer in 1876. And yet again, in the 1890s, they caused United States troops to fight them on the occasion of the Ghost Dance celebration.

But, between wars, the Sioux were a friendly, sociable people. Their very system of arranging their tipis at a camp, around a *hocoka*, or central space, in four circles, was to enable them to meet often and with laughter at this middle space where they indulged in games and dances. This *hocoka* formation is typically Siouan.

Another Sioux institution was the *tipi iyokihe*. This was a vast tepee which acted as a "city hall" where the warriors and chiefs met to discuss matters of war and peace, of

tribal policy, of moving to new hunting grounds. A much broader version of the *tipi iyokihe* meeting was the *oyate okiju*. Here all the bands of all the Siouan tribes would come together at a central meeting place, where matters affecting the welfare of all the Sioux, such as the great wars with the white people in the latter half of the nineteenth century, were discussed.

Within the band itself (the band comprising that part of an Indian nation or tribe that moved and hunted and often warred by itself) the Sioux divided their internal arrangements into lodges. There were the Fox, Brave, Buffalo and White Horse lodges, to which belonged the warriors, scouts, hunters and chiefs. Of them all, the Fox Lodge was the most powerful, for this dealt with many important things like peace treaties and migrations, whereas the other lodges usually dealt only with fun and dancing, and show.

The Sioux were deeply religious, worshipping the *wakan tanka*, the Great Spirit, the Creator of all things. To Him they did honor with their dances and the ceremony of *waw-niapi*.

As with many others of the Plains Indians, the Sioux garbed themselves in colorful manner. Their buckskin and elkskin jackets and leggings were fringed and decorated with dyed porcupine quills and vari-hued glass beads. On their round buffalo-hide shields they drew symbols of their "power," that mysterious something which the Indians sought in Nature. The nearest a white man can come to understanding this "power" is to suggest that it is something akin to a good luck charm, in which the owner has abiding faith. And yet the "power" was more than luck; it seemed to reach down roots into the very nature of things, to give the warrior who carried it, hung about his neck or braided in his ebon hair or with many such power symbols in his medicine pouch, a strength which enabled him to perform near-miraculous feats.

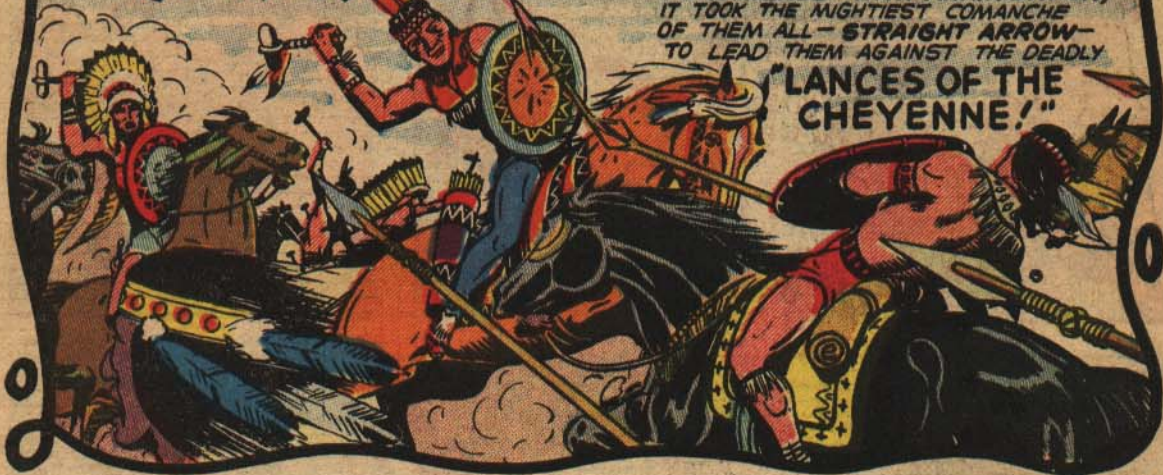
Warfare, which was to the Sioux, as it was

(Continued on inside back cover)

STRAIGHT ARROW

THE COMANCHE WAS A FEARLESS WARRIOR, DEADLY WITH TOMAHAWK AND DAGGER, HIGHLY SKILLED IN THE SPLIT-SECOND DECISIONS OF CLOSE COMBAT. BUT THE MARAUDING CAVALRY OF THE CHEYENNES WAS TRAINED TO A DIFFERENT KIND OF WARFARE. AND WHEN THE GREAT COMANCHE NATION FOUND ITSELF THREATENED WITH ANNIHILATION, IT TOOK THE MIGHTIEST COMANCHE OF THEM ALL—STRAIGHT ARROW—TO LEAD THEM AGAINST THE DEADLY

"LANCES OF THE CHEYENNE!"



STEVE ADAMS SPENDS A VACATION AS STRAIGHT ARROW, AMONG HIS OWN PEOPLE, THE COMANCHES. A BUFFALO HUNT IS BEING PLANNED IN HIS HONOR...

AH, I SEE WE ARE NOT GOING ALONE. BUT THESE BRAVES ARE STRONGLY ARMED FOR A HUNT, CHIEF RED HAND...



TRUE! WE MUST BE PREPARED FOR ANYTHING, STRAIGHT ARROW! EVEN WAR! I DID NOT TELL YOU BEFORE, BUT...



...WE ARE PRACTICALLY AT WAR WITH THE CHEYENNE. THEY HAVE COME DOWN FROM THE NORTH TO HUNT ON OUR LANDS. THEY RAID OUR CAMPS AND AMBUSH OUR HUNTING PARTIES...

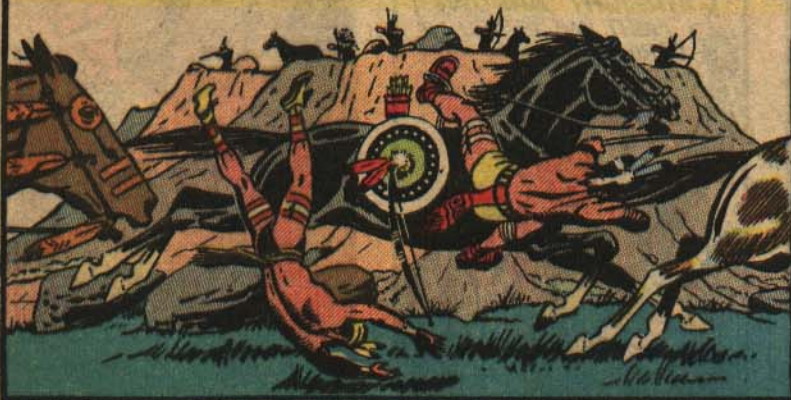


...AND THESE CHEYENNE, STRAIGHT ARROW, ARE MAGNIFICENT HORSEMEN—THEY RIDE LIKE THE WIND. STERN WARRIORS ARE THEY—BUT THEY DO NOT DARE TO JOIN IN CLOSE COMBAT WITH THE COMANCHE!





THE CHEYENNES TRY ANOTHER TACTIC, SHOWING OFF THEIR MAGNIFICENT HORSEMANSHIP. USING THEIR GALLOPING PONIES FOR PROTECTION, THEY SHOOT ON THE RUN, CIRCLING CONSTANTLY, HOPING TO PICK OFF THE COMANCHE DEFENDERS ONE BY ONE... BUT THE SUPERB MARKSMANSHIP OF THE COMANCHE IS EQUAL TO THE TEST!



FALL BACK OUT OF RANGE, CHEYENNE! THE COMANCHE WEAPONS HAVE EYES! WE WILL CAMP AND STARVE THEM OUT!



CEASE FIGHTING, BRAVES! WASTE NO AMMUNITION! BEHOLD, THEY FALL BACK—WE HAVE WON THIS BATTLE!

NOT YET, CHIEF RED HAND! SEE—THEY STOP! THEY SET UP CAMP SURROUNDING US!



THE COWARDS! THEY HAVE CUT OFF ALL ESCAPE, AND PLAN TO STARVE US OUT! THEY DO NOT DARE TO DO CLOSE BATTLE WITH US...!



NEVER! BY MY ANCESTORS, I WILL NOT WAIT HERE TO DIE LIKE A DOG! ON, BRAVES—WE WILL FIGHT OUR WAY OUT!

NO! STOP RED HAND! ONCE OUT IN THE OPEN, THEY WILL KILL US ALL! THEY ARE TOO MANY FOR US!



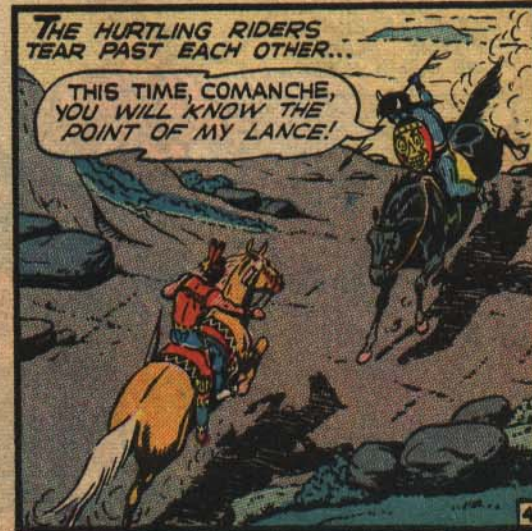
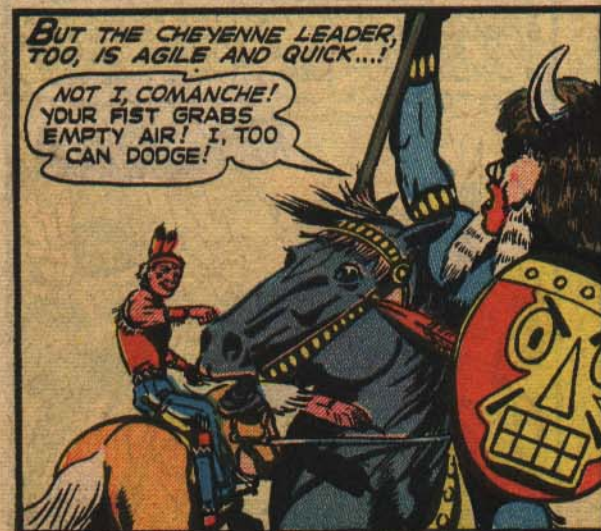
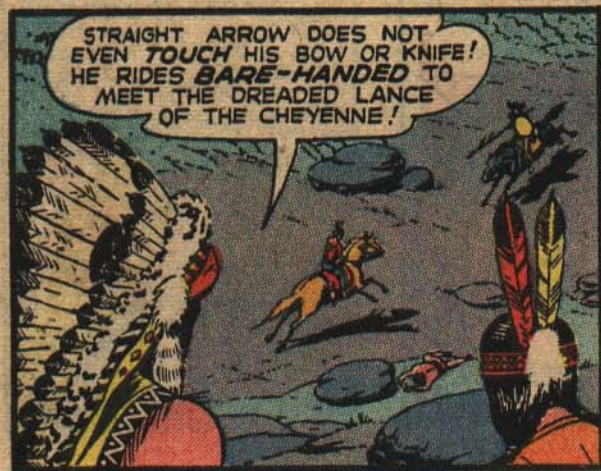
THERE IS ANOTHER WAY—AND I SHALL TAKE IT. EVEN THE CHEYENNE MUST HAVE INDIAN HONOR...!

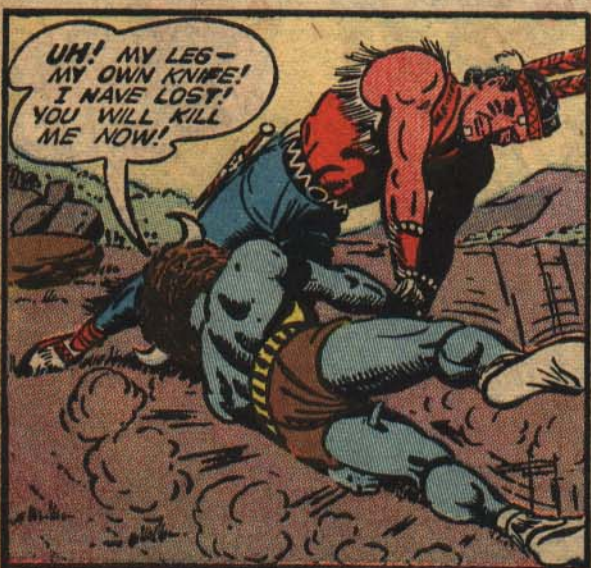
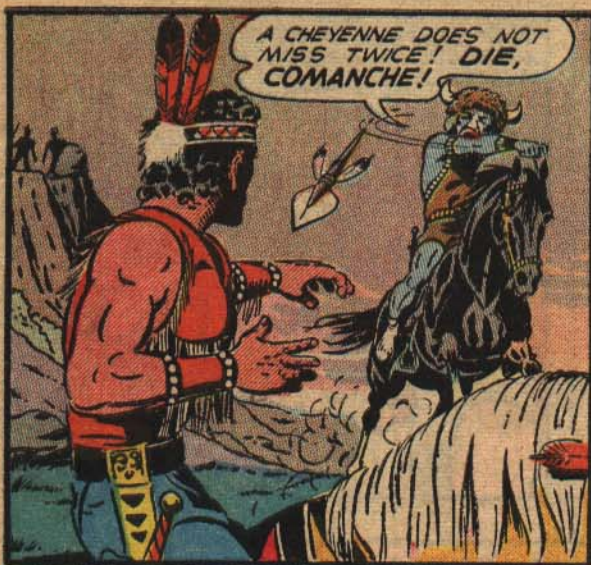


CHEYENNES! HEAR ME, CHEYENNES! IT IS I, STRAIGHTARROW, WHO SPEAKS! I FLING A CHALLENGE TO YOUR HONOR!

STOP! YOU MUST NOT EXPOSE YOURSELF, STRAIGHTARROW, OR THEY WILL KILL YOU!







I MUST LET YOU GO NOW, BECAUSE OF MY HONOR—BUT I WARN YOU THAT ON THE MORROW TWO THOUSAND CHEYENNE WILL RIDE AGAINST YOU! WE WILL WIPE YOU OUT! THE TEPEES OF THE CHEYENNE WILL BE LINED WITH COMANCHE SCALPS!



...AND THE COMANCHES, LED BY STRAIGHT ARROW, RIDE THROUGH THE CHEYENNE LINES...

THAT NIGHT—CHIEF RED HAND CALLS A COMANCHE COUNCIL OF WAR. THE CHIEFTAINS ASSEMBLE AROUND THE CAMPFIRE

...AND SO, TOMORROW THE CHEYENNE WILL ATTACK WITH ALL THEIR FORCES!

BUT WE DO NOT KNOW HOW TO FIGHT AGAINST THE CHEYENNE LANCES! IF THERE WERE SOME WAY TO GET IN CLOSE FOR HAND-TO-HAND FIGHTING...



LISTEN TO ME, COMANCHES! HAVE THE WARRIORS MAKE THEMSELVES SHIELDS OF THE THICKNESS OF TWO SKINS TAKEN FROM THE NECKS OF BUFFALO BULLS! THEN—LEAVE THE REST TO ME..!



NEXT MORNING! A THOUSAND COMANCHE BRAVES RIDE OUT TO BATTLE!

BE QUICK AND SUPPLE IN THE USE OF THESE SHIELDS, COMANCHES—EVEN AS YOU HAVE BEEN TRAINED IN WRESTLING AND THE USE OF THE LONG KNIFE! WATCH ME AND DO AS I DO. ONWARD! TO BATTLE!

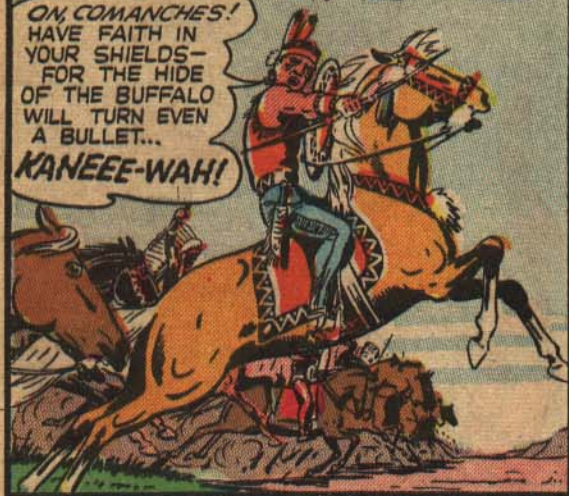


THE ENEMY IS SIGHTED! A GREAT WILD ROAR SWELLS UP FROM THE CHEYENNE RANKS! LANCES ARE LEVELED, HORSES ARE URGED ON, AND THE SPINE-CHILLING CHARGE OF THE CHEYENNE BREAKS LIKE AN IRRESISTABLE WAVE....!



BUT THE COMANCHES, UNDAUNTED, GALLOP TO MEET THEM...!

ON, COMANCHES!
HAVE FAITH IN
YOUR SHIELDS—
FOR THE HIDE
OF THE BUFFALO
WILL TURN EVEN
A BULLET...
KANEEE-WAH!



WITH A SHOCK THAT
SHUDDERS THE PRAIRIE,
THEY MEET
HEAD ON...

SPLINTER THEIR
LANCES AGAINST
YOUR BULLHIDE
SHIELDS!



THEY HAVE BROKEN OUR
LANCES! QUICKLY, CHEYENNES
—DON'T LET THEM GET IN
TOO CLOSE! RIDE ON AND
THROUGH. WE WILL RE-
FORM AT THAT HILL AND
TRY SOMETHING ELSE!



THE CHEYENNES RIDE RIGHT
THROUGH THE RANKS OF THE
COMANCHES, RALLY AT A FAR
POINT BEYOND, AND THERE...

DISMOUNT! BOWS AND
ARROWS — ALL WARRIORS!
WE WILL TEAR THEM
TO PIECES WITH OUR
**ARROW
RAIN!**



... WHILE IN THE COMANCHE
RANKS...

HERE COMES THEIR
"ARROW RAIN!" SPARE
THE HORSES, COMANCHES
—DISMOUNT! SHOULDER
TO SHOULDER, ALL—RAISE
SHIELDS HIGH AND OVER-
LAP THEM! FOR SUCH
RAIN WE HAVE A
ROOF...!



NOW, MOVE ON, COMANCHES!
TO CLOSE COMBAT! EVEN NOW
OUR SCOUTS RIDE AND SCATTER
THEIR HORSES!



NOTHING CAN BE DONE
AGAINST THAT ARMOR!
WE HAVE NOT EVEN
HURT ONE OF THEM!
LET US RIDE AWAY
FROM THIS PLACE!

WE CANNOT, RUNNING
BEAR! LOOK, THEIR
SCOUTS HAVE STAMP-
EDED OUR HORSES!
WE ARE CAUGHT!





STRAIGHT ARROW

GOLD WAS KING AND SILVER WAS QUEEN IN THE EARLY DAYS OF THE WEST, AND THERE WAS NOTHING THAT BADMEN WOULDN'T DO FOR EITHER — STEAL, DESTROY OR KILL. BUT THE EVIL OF EVEN THE MOST RUTHLESS OF DESPERADOES WAS NO MATCH FOR **STRAIGHT ARROW** WHO PITTED HIS SKILL AND STRENGTH AGAINST—
"THE DYNAMITERS!"



THE SOUND OF FOOTSTEPS IN THE DYNAMITE SHED OF THE SILVER SUE MINE NEAR CARWELL JUNCTION AROUSES THE SUSPICION OF JOE LAWSON, OWNER OF THE MINE, AS HE IS MAKING HIS ROUNDS...

WHO'S THERE?
COME OUT OR
I'LL SHOOT!

HEY!
EASY! IT'S
ONLY ME—
BUCK TRAVIS!



I WAS ONLY
CHECKIN' TA
SEE HOW MUCH
DYNAMITE WAS
LEFT.

I'VE TOLD YA
MORE'N ONCE
TA STAY OUTA
THE DYNAMITE
SHED. NOW
GIT!



THAT'S JUST A TASTE, TRAVIS! EVER SEE YA ON THE SILVER SUE AG'IN I'LL BLOW YER DURNED HEAD OFF!

I'LL GIT YA 'FOR THIS, LAWSON!

LATER THAT NIGHT....

THAT IDEA O' YOURN OF PLANTIN' DYNAMITE IN THE SHAFT WON'T WORK, DUSTY. LAWSON CAUGHT ME AN' KICKED ME OFF LIKE A DOG!

SO LAWSON GOT TOUGH, EH?

SARWELL JUNG
SILVER SYNDICA

ROUND UP THE GANG. WE'LL RAID HIS PLACE AT NOON TOMORROW. THE SILVER SUE'S GOTTA GO IF OUR SYNDICATE'S GONNA STAY IN BUSINESS!

GOTCHA, BOSS. WE'LL WIPE 'EM OUT!

ONLY, FIRST I GOT A PERSONAL SCORE TO SETTLE!

EARLY NEXT MORNING, RIDING THROUGH THE WOODS NEAR THE SILVER SUE, ON THEIR WAY BACK FROM A HUNTING TRIP, STEVE ADAMS, RANCHER, ACCOMPANIED BY HIS SIDE-KICK, PACKY, SEES SOMETHING SUSPICIOUS...

HOLD ON, PACKY! THAT SUNLIGHT... GLEAMING ON METAL...

HUH? BY CACTUS, STEVE, YUH RECKON—?

IT'S A RIFLE, PACKY, AIMING TO KILL! RIDE DOWN YELLING! WE MUST DISTRACT HIS ATTENTION!

HEY! HEY, DOWN THERE!

YIPE! I'M GETTIN' OUTA HERE!

THE CRITTER GOT AWAY, BUT MAYBE WE CAN TELL SOMETHING FROM HIS MARKS...



YUH SAVED MY LIFE, STRANGER... HEY, THAT'S BUCK TRAVIS' RIFLE! SEE HIS INITIALS HERE ON THE STOCK?

WHOEVER HE IS, HE SURE DOESN'T LIKE YOU! WHY'D HE TRY TO STUFF YOU WITH LEAD?



RECKON HE MUST BE WORKIN' WITH THAT SYNDICATE. THEY BEEN TRYIN' TA DRIVE ME OUT FOR A COUPLA MONTHS NOW. I'LL GET MY MINERS AN' WE'LL VENTILATE 'EM!

THE SYNDICATE! THAT'S DUSTY GRIBBLE'S CROOKED OUTFIT... LOOKS LIKE TROUBLE! I BETTER GO ROUND UP SOME HELP, TOO...!



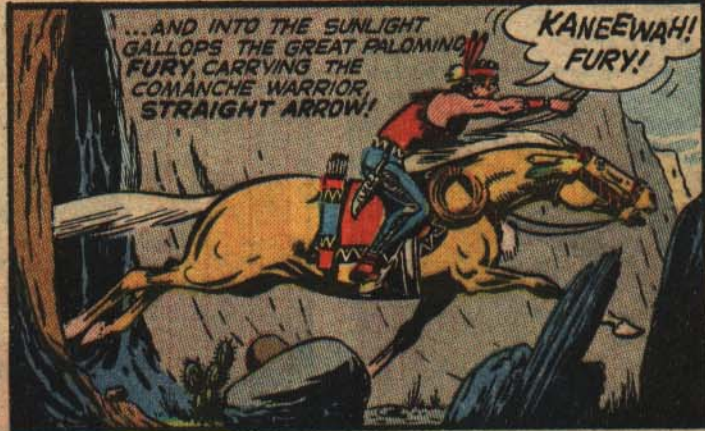
PACKY, STAY HERE. THAT SYNDICATE GANG KNOWS ME AS STEVE ADAMS, BUT NOT AS **STRAIGHT ARROW**...

KEND, STEVE! AN' YUH BETTER GIT BACK **FAST!** NO TELLIN' WHEN THEM VARMINTS WILL STRIKE AGIN'!



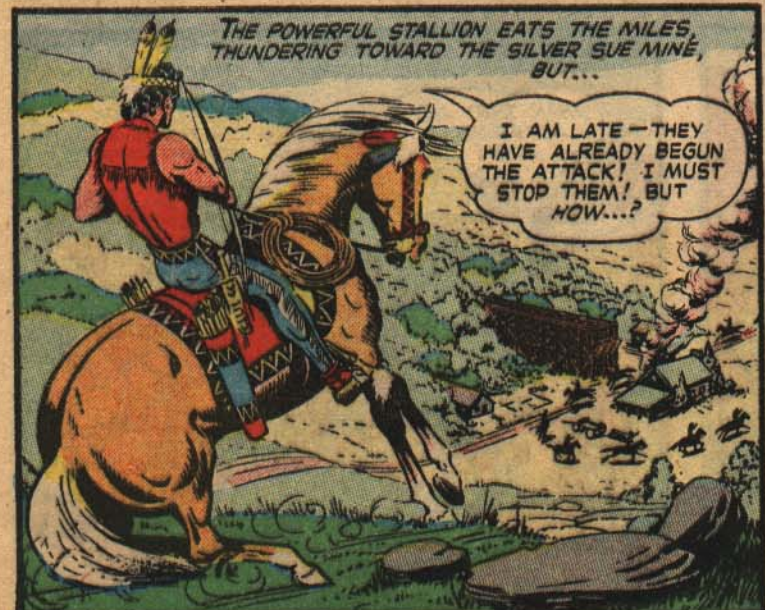
LATER, IN SUNDOWN VALLEY, STEVE ADAMS CHANGES SWIFTLY...

EASY, GREAT HORSE—SOON WE SHALL RIDE...!



...AND INTO THE SUNLIGHT GALLOPS THE GREAT PALOMINO FURY, CARRYING THE COMANCHE WARRIOR, **STRAIGHT ARROW!**

KANEWAH! FURY!



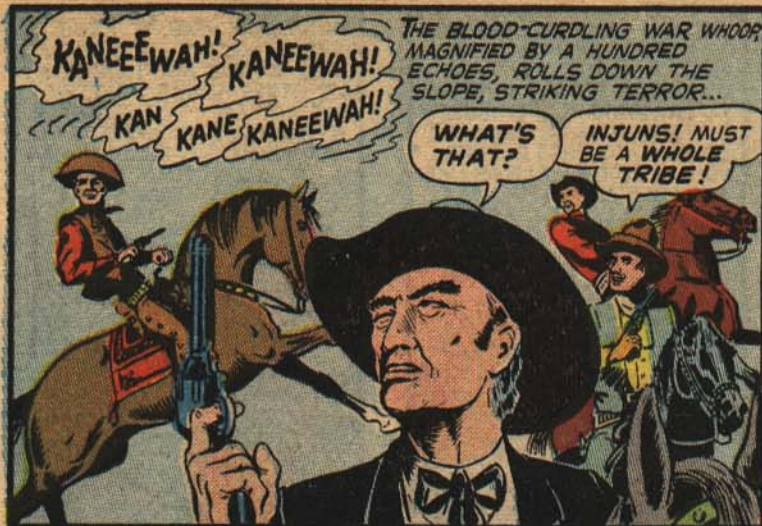
THE POWERFUL STALLION EATS THE MILES, THUNDERING TOWARD THE SILVER SUE MINE, BUT...

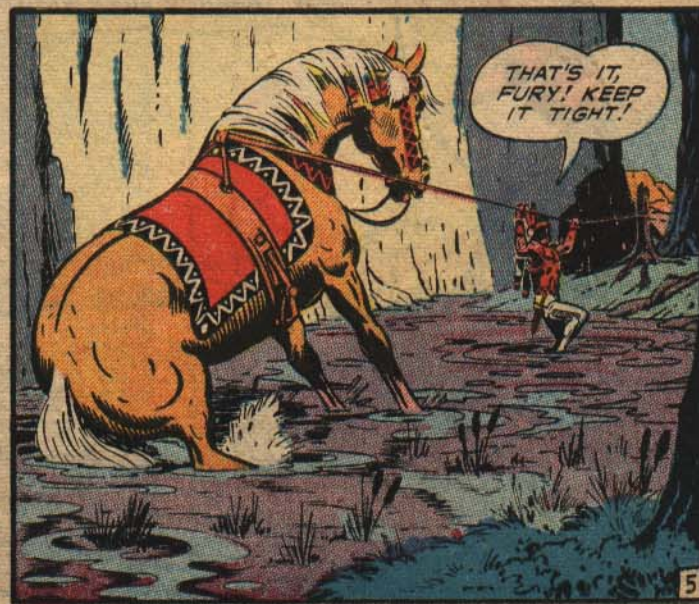
I AM LATE—THEY HAVE ALREADY BEGUN THE ATTACK! I MUST STOP THEM! BUT NOW...?



AH, I HAVE IT! THIS CAVE ...ECHOES...

KANEWAH! KANEWAH! KANEWAH! KANEWAH!





MEANWHILE, ON THE DAM ABOVE THE SWAMP...

THIS DYNAMITE'LL BLAST HER WIDE OPEN!

GET THAT FUSE SET! NO TIME TO LOSE!

A MOMENT LATER...

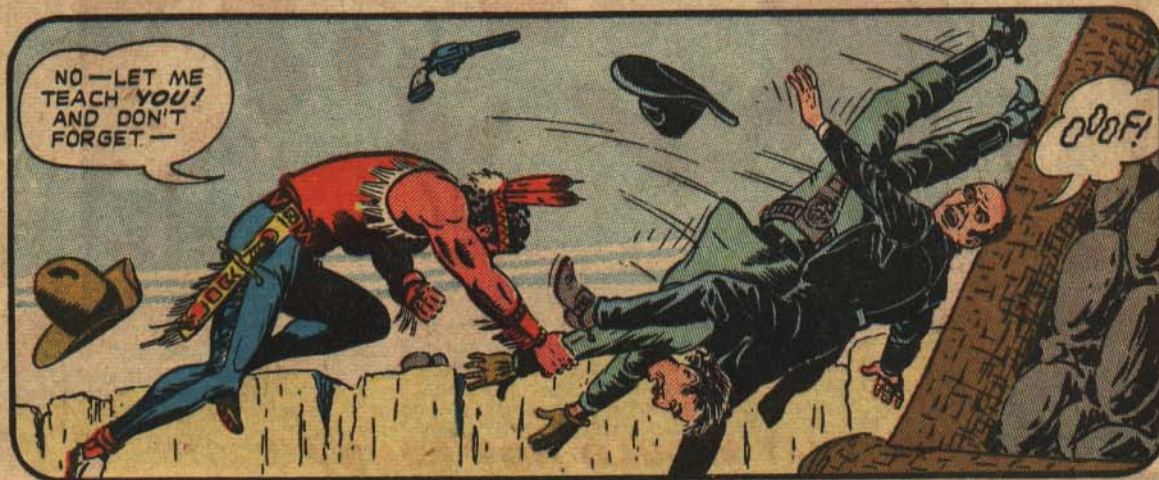
THE FUSE... IT'S BURNING! AND I CAN'T GET DOWN THERE SOON ENOUGH!

THIS WILL CUT IT!

MISSED!—THE WIND IS BLOWING AGAINST ME! AND NOW THE FUSE IS OUT OF SIGHT!

ONE LAST CHANCE... I MUST MEASURE THE FORCE OF THE WIND—!

THIS ONE HAS TO BE IT...! AAAH—JUST RIGHT!



RED HAWK



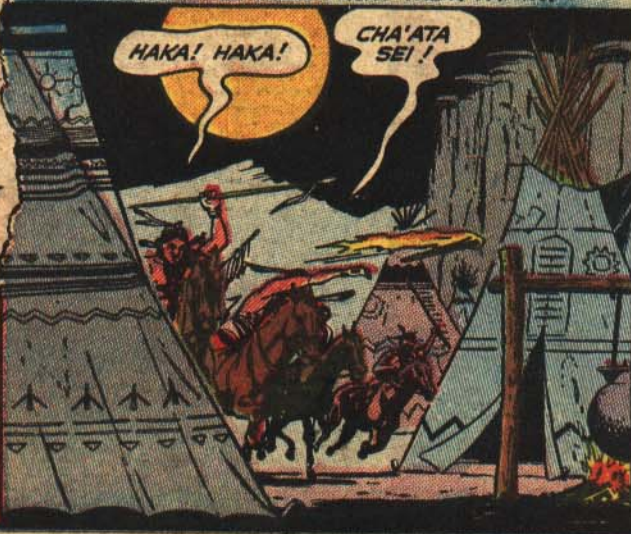
LONG AGO, WHEN THE SHAGGY HERDS OF BUFFALO SHOOK THE EARTH AS THEY RAN, AND THE GRASSES OF THE GREAT PLAINS KNEW ONLY THE TEPEE AND THE TOMAHAWK, A BLACK- FEET SHAMAN KILLED AN ELK...THE LARGEST ELK ANY MAN HAD EVER SEEN! HIS HORNS WERE GIGANTIC! FROM THEM THE SHAMAN FASHIONED A GREAT ELKHORN BOW. BUT WHEN IT WAS FINISHED, THE BLACKFEET DISCOVERED THAT THEY HAD MADE—

"THE BOW THAT WOULD NOT BEND!"



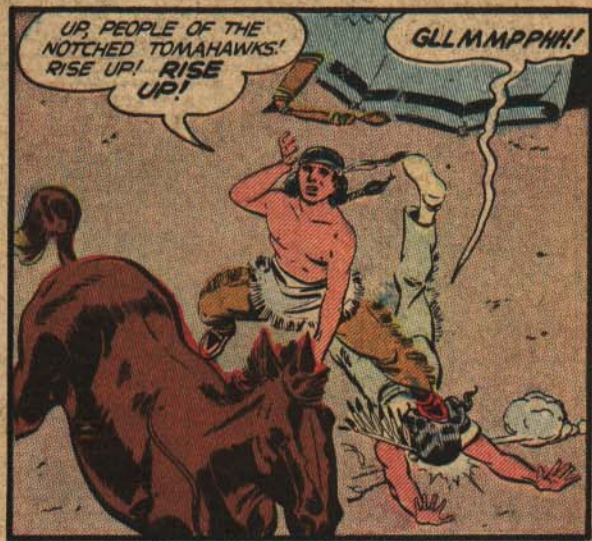
ALL THE PLAINS INDIANS KNEW OF THE MIGHTY BOW. THEY KNEW, TOO, THAT ANY WHO COULD BEND IT WOULD BE MADE CHIEF OF THE BLACKFEET NATION... AND THAT ANY WHO TRIED TO BEND IT AND FAILED— WOULD BECOME A SLAVE TO THE BLACKFEET WOMEN!

FOR MANY YEARS THE BOW HANGS BEFORE THE BLACK- FEET TEPEES AS THEY MOVE SOUTHWARD FROM CANADA AND WHAT IS NOW MONTANA. IN FRONT OF THEM THEY FIND THE CHEYENNE BARRING THEIR SOUTHWARD TRAIL. SO, IN TYPICAL INDIAN FASHION THEY FALL UPON THE CHEYENNES TO DRIVE THEM FROM THEIR PATH...



RISE, PEOPLE OF THE CHEYENNE, RISE!





BATTLING WITH A FURY THAT DISMAYS THE WAR-PAINTED BLACKFEET, YOUNG RED HAWK HURLS HIMSELF UP AND DOWN THE CHEYENNE CAMP! HIS VOICE CALLS LIKE A TRUMPET! HIS WARCLUB AND TOMAHAWK STRIKE EVERYWHERE!

BACK TO YOUR BURROWS, BLACKFEET MOLES! YOU FIGHT AS YOU LOOK — LIKE OLD WOMEN!



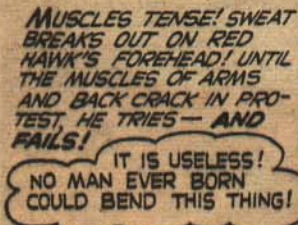
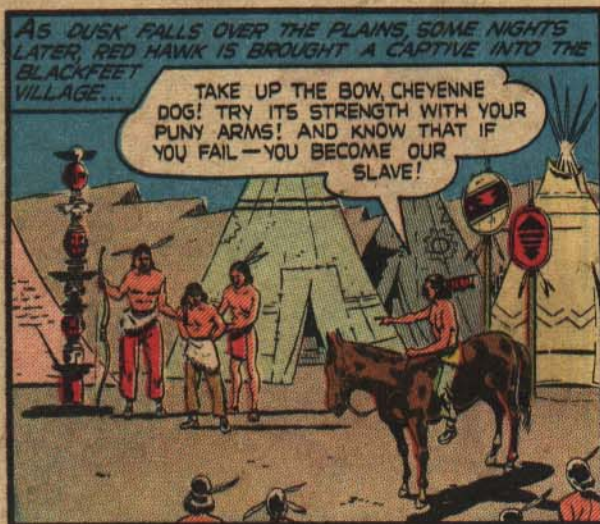
HURTLING OUT OF NOWHERE, A PIPE-TOMAHAWK CATCHES HIM BEHIND THE EAR...

GNNGGG!



TO ME, BLACKFEET WARRIORS! TAKE THIS MAN — ALIVE!





DAY AFTER DAY, RED HAWK LABORS AMONG THE BLACKFEET...

IF I AM NOT STRONG ENOUGH TO BEND THE BOW, I WILL ASK FOR THE HARDEST WORK IN CAMP, TO DEVELOP MY MUSCLES!



AS THE MODERN BOY USES MUSCLE DEVELOPERS, SO RED HAWK USES LENGTHS OF WET RAWHIDE...



LIFTING THE TEPEE BUILDS ARM AND BACK MUSCLES...



BUT NO MATTER HOW MUCH RED HAWK WORKS, HE FINDS THE ELKHORN BOW TOO MUCH FOR HIM!

IT WOULD TAKE A GIANT... TO BEND THIS!



ONE NIGHT, AS RED HAWK SERVES THE BLACKFEET WARRIORS THEIR FOOD...

YOU WILL HAVE MORE CHEYENNE DOGS TO KEEP YOU COMPANY SOON!

WE GO TO RAID YOUR PEOPLE, SQUAW! MANY WILL DIE, BUT WE WILL SAVE SOME FOR YOU—TO TEACH THEM WOMEN'S WORK!



THERE THEY GO! AND MY PEOPLE... SLEEPING... NOT SUSPECTING THAT TWO DAWNS FROM NOW—THEY DIE!

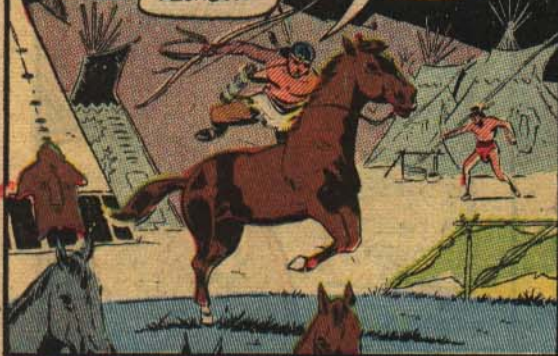


THE WAR PARTY IS GONE! IN THE NEXT FEW MINUTES THE REST OF THE CAMP WILL BE AWAKE... NOW IS THE TIME TO ACT—IF EVER!

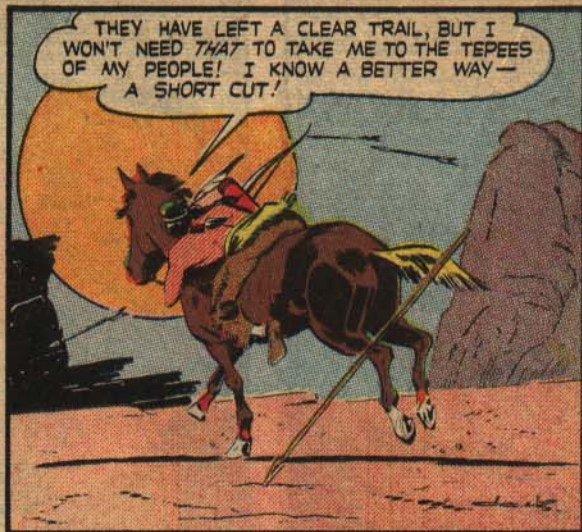


BEFORE THE STARTLED PONY HERD GUARDS CAN STOP HIM, RED HAWK IS TWISTING A HAND IN THE MANE OF A FLEET PONY, AND VAULTING ONTO HIS BACK...

I DON'T KNOW WHETHER I CAN EVER BEND THIS BOW—BUT IT IS THE ONLY WEAPON I COULD FIND TO TAKE ALONG...



THEY HAVE LEFT A CLEAR TRAIL, BUT I WON'T NEED THAT TO TAKE ME TO THE TEPEES OF MY PEOPLE! I KNOW A BETTER WAY—A SHORT CUT!



BUT TO USE THAT SHORT CUT, I MUST CROSS THIS CANYON! AND TO DO THAT, I WOULD HAVE TO BE A BIRD!



FIXING A LENGTH OF THIN RAWHIDE TO AN ARROW, RED HAWK SETS THE GREAT ELKHORN BOW BETWEEN TWO SQUAT DWARF PINON TREE STUMPS...

I CANNOT BEND THE BOW WITH ONE ARM...BUT PERHAPS THERE IS A WAY OF DOING IT...BY PLACING IT OVER THESE TREE STUMPS...



MUSCLES CRACKING WITH EFFORT, THE YOUNG CHEYENNE WARRIOR SLOWLY BENDS THE MIGHTY BOW INTO A CURVING ARC!



WITH A HIGH, CLEAR TWAAANNNG THE BOWSTRING IS RELEASED! HIGHER AND HIGHER CLIMBS THE BLACKFEET ARROW, WITH ITS LENGTH OF RAWHIDE!

GREAT SPIRIT! WHAT A SHOT! WHAT A BOW!



THE ARROW WENT HALF-WAY THROUGH A TREE-BOLE ANCHORING THE RAWHIDE IN THE TREE ITSELF!



I HAVE GAINED MANY MILES ON THE BLACKFEET, BUT I STILL HAVE A LONG WAY TO RUN...

ALL THAT DAY AND THROUGH THE NIGHT, RED HAWK RUNS. AT DAWN—

BLACKFEET—ALL AROUND THE CAMP! MAKING READY THEIR CHARGE!

NO WAY TO WARN THEM! MY VOICE WILL NOT CARRY, AND TO RUN TOWARD THE CAMP NOW WOULD ONLY EARN ME A BLACKFEET WAR LANCE THROUGH MY RIBS! I'LL MAKE THIS WHISTLE...ATTACH IT TO THE HEAD OF AN ARROW!

NOW IF ONLY...I CAN BEND THE BOW! BUT WITHOUT TREE STUMPS...IT MAY BE USELESS EVEN TO TRY!

IF I HOLD THE BOWSTRING...AND PUSH WITH MY LEGS...LEGS ARE MUCH STRONGER THAN ARMS...PERHAPS I CAN DO IT EVEN WITHOUT TREE STUMPS!

HOKO! PAGA-SEI!

AN ARROW THAT SINGS AS IT FLIES! THE CHEYENNE WILL HEAR!

WHO WHISTLES IN THE DAWN?

IT IS AN ARROW—A WARNING ARROW—OVERHEAD!

A BLACKFEET ARROW! SEE ITS MARKINGS?

REALIZING THAT THEIR SURPRISE HAS BACKFIRED, THE BLACKFEET CHARGE, THEIR THROATS THROB-
BING WITH THEIR LONG-DRAWN-OUT WAR CRY...

AEEELLAAA OOOOO...



RUNNING LIKE AN ARROW
SPED FROM THE ELKHORN
BOW COMES RED HAWK...

I MUST GET BETWEEN
THEM BEFORE... THEY
BEGIN... TO FIGHT!



ON WINGED FEET, THE YOUNG CHEYENNE WARRIOR
BOUNDS FORWARD, RACING TO PREVENT THE TWO
LINES OF WARRIORS FROM CONVERGING!

CHAKA TAGO!
WAIT! WAIT!



LOOK, PEOPLE OF THE
BLACKFEET! LOOK, YOU
WHO CALL YOURSELVES
SIKSIKA! I HAVE BENT
THE ELKHORN BOW!

OW-WAH!
HE LIES!

NO MAN
CAN BEND
THE BOW!



NO MAN SAID I WAS NOT
TO USE MY LEGS TO BEND IT!
WATCH! YOU SEE? THUS I
SENT THE WARNING
ARROW!



YOUNG CHEYENNE
MAN, YOU HAVE DONE
THE IMPOSSIBLE!
FROM NOW ON YOU
ARE A BLACKFEET
CHIEF! AND YOU SHALL
BE KNOWN AS—
STRONGARM—THE-
BOWBENDER!

I THANK YOU,
MOONFACE! AND
NOW—LET US
PUT KINN/KINNY-
ICK IN OUR
PEACE PIPES
...AND SMOKE
THEM!



THUS CAME THE CHEYENNE
AND THE BLACKFEET TO LIVE
IN PEACE. THE BLACKFEET WENT
BACK TO THE LAND THEY CALLED
TAYA-BE-SHUCK-UP, THE LAND
OF THE EVERLASTING HILLS—
(MONTANA), AND THE CHEYENNES
CONTINUED TO DWELL IN COLOR-
ADO AND WYOMING; THE LAND
OF THE SHINING PRAIRIES...



VIKINGS OUT WEST

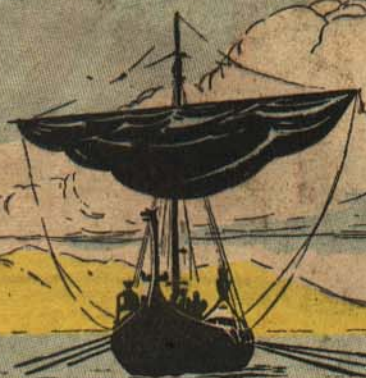
IN THE YEAR 1898, A FARMER LIVING IN MINNESOTA DISCOVERED ON HIS FARM A STONE THAT BORE QUEER SYMBOLS. UNIVERSITY PROFESSORS REVEALED THIS TO BE VIKING RUNIC WRITING.



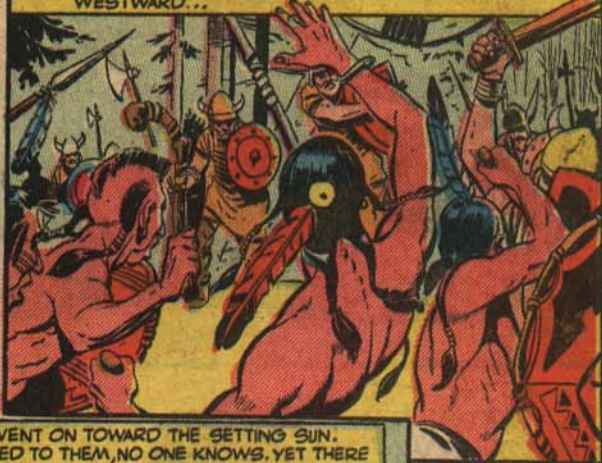
THE STONE TOLD A STRANGE TALE... A GROUP OF VIKINGS HAD COME DOWN THE ST. LAWRENCE, FIGHTING INDIANS ALL THE WAY, INDIANS WHO UNTIL THEN, HAD NEVER SEEN A WHITE MAN!



THE VIKINGS MOVED WEST, ACROSS THE GREAT LAKES!



THROUGH THE FOREST LANDS OF MINNESOTA, STILL FIGHTING, THE MAIL-CLAD VIKINGS MOVED STEADILY WESTWARD...



ONE OF THEIR NUMBER FOUND A FLAT-FACED STONE, SOMEWHERE IN THOSE FOREST GLADES AND LEFT US A MESSAGE...

WRITE THAT THERE ARE ONLY THIRTY OF US LEFT, EIGHT GOTHES, TWENTY-TWO NORSE-MEN, WRITE THAT TEN OF US HAVE BEEN KILLED BY THE MEN WITH RED SKINS...

THE VIKINGS WENT ON TOWARD THE SETTING SUN. WHAT HAPPENED TO THEM, NO ONE KNOWS. YET THERE IS A LEGEND THAT THEY MET THE MANDANS, AN INDIAN TRIBE, IN PEACE AND FRIENDSHIP, AND WERE ADOPTED INTO IT...



ALTHOUGH THE MANDANS WERE WIPED OUT IN THE GREAT PLAGUE OF SMALLPOX IN 1837, TALES STILL PERSIST OF INDIANS WITH BLUE EYES AND YELLOW HAIR... SURE MARKS THAT THE TRAVEL-WEARY VIKINGS FOUND A FINAL RESTING PLACE—OUT WEST!

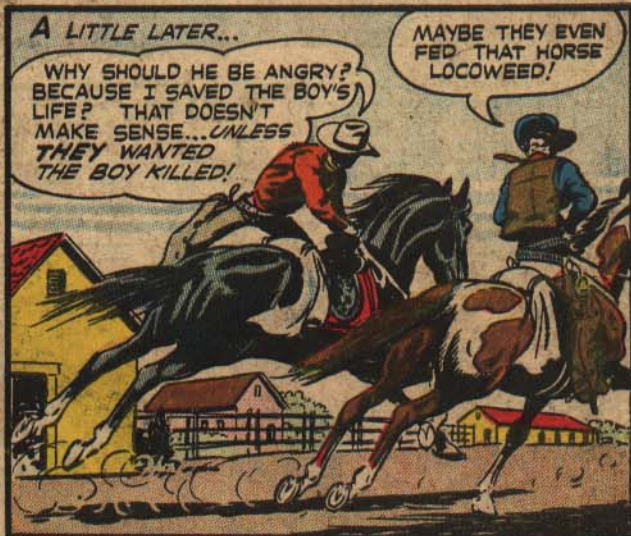


STRAIGHT ARROW

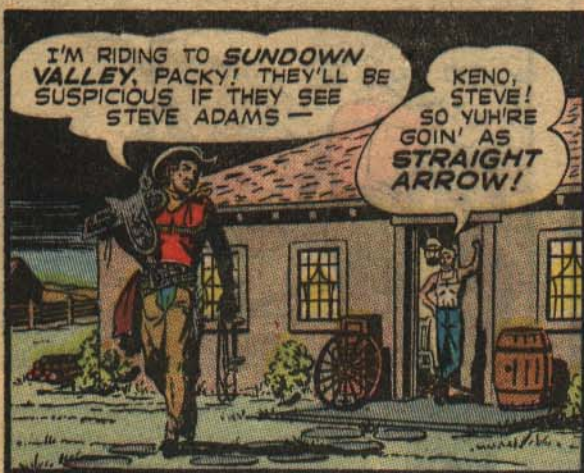
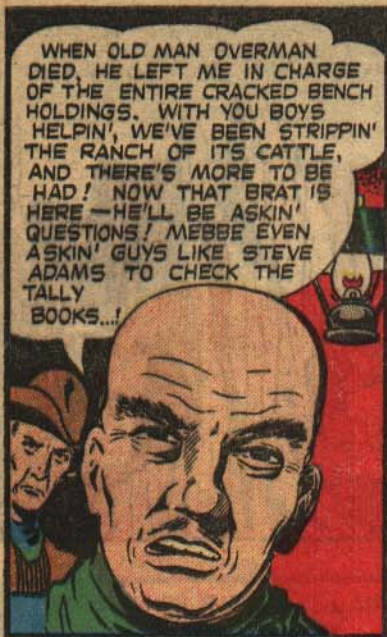
AS THE POUNDING HOOVES OF A LOCOWEED-MADDENED RUNAWAY OVERTAKE YOUNG RUSTY OVERMAN—AND STEVE ADAMS, YOUNG OWNER OF THE BROKEN BOW RANCH HURLS HIMSELF FORWARD TO GRAB AT THE WILD-EYED HORSE'S HEAD—GRIM FORCES ARE BEING GATHERED TO FINISH THE JOB THE CRAZY BRONC HAS STARTED: THE DESTRUCTION OF—

"THE BOY FROM BACK EAST!"









NEXT MORNING, SHORTLY AFTER DAWN, BALDY GRIMM HEADS UP INTO THE TIMBER BELT, CLOSELY FOLLOWED BY RUSTY...

MIGHT AS WELL GIT USED TO SEEIN' THE LAND YUH OWN, BOY. WE'LL START BACK IN THE HILLS!

WHATEVER YOU SAY, SIR.



SEPARATED BY A HIGH RIDGE OF VOLCANIC ROCK, THE CRACKED BENCH FOREMAN AND STRAIGHT ARROW PASS, EACH UNSEEN BY THE OTHER...



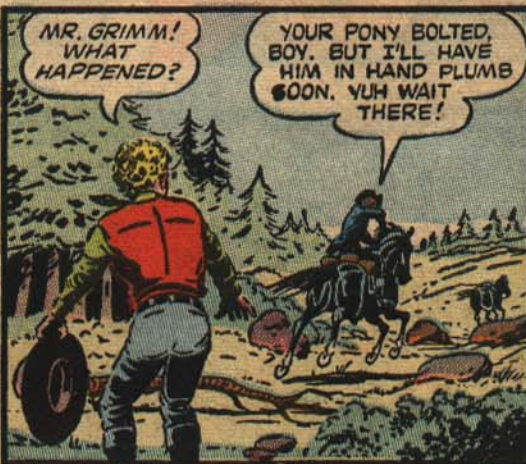
BY EARLY AFTERNOON, RUSTY AND BALDY GRIMM ARE HIGH IN THE SNOW COUNTRY...

THIS MOUNTAIN STREAM WATER SURE TASTES GOOD, BUT ITS COLD! I'M COLD MYSELF. I THINK I'LL PUT ON THAT COAT...



MR. GRIMM! WHAT HAPPENED?

YOUR PONY BOLTED, BOY. BUT I'LL HAVE HIM IN HAND PLUMB SOON. YUH WAIT THERE!



AN HOUR LATER.....

HE'S BEEN GONE A... LONG TIME! IT'S STARTING TO... SNOW! I-I'M COLD...AND SCARED...!



S-S-SO COLD I CAN'T W-WALK MUCH L-LONGER...!



ONE HOUR... THEN TWO... THEN THREE HOURS, RUSTY STAGGERS THRU THE GROWING STORM. COLD AND EXHAUSTED, HE PLUNGES ON...



AS HOUR AFTER HOUR PASSES WITH NO SIGHT OF GRIMM OR RUSTY, STRAIGHT ARROW CIRCLES THE CRACKED BENCH GRAZELAND, HUNTING SIGN...

TWO HORSES CAME THIS WAY! ONE CARRIED A MAN... THE OTHER A LIGHTER PERSON! A SMALL WOMAN—OR RUSTY!



...THE HOOFS MARKS OF THE SMALLER HORSE ARE NOT AS DEEP AS THOSE OF THE OTHER HORSE... BUT THEY BOTH LEAD UP INTO THE SNOW RIDGES!



A LATE SPRING BLIZZARD! IT WON'T TOUCH THE VALLEY, BUT IN THIS HIGH COUNTRY—IT'S SURE DEATH FOR ANYONE CAUGHT UNPREPARED.



AND THEN—TOWARD DUSK...

IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO FIND ANYONE IN THIS STORM! I GUESS THERE'S NO SENSE TO LOOKING ANY LONGER FOR THEM...



MEANWHILE AT THE CRACKED BENCH RANCH...

BY THIS TIME THE KID IS FROZEN STIFF AS A PINE BOARD! NOW WE TAKE THE MONEY WE MADE FROM SELLING CRACKED BENCH BEEF AND VAMOSE!



MEBBE WE'LL RUN OFF THE REST OF THE CATTLE TOO, WHILE WE'RE AT IT. STRIP HER DOWN PLUMB TO THE SKELETON.

CALL THE BOYS, KIP. GET MOVIN'. NEVER CAN TELL WHEN THAT ADAMS HOMBRE MIGHT TAKE A NOTION TO RIDE OVER! LET'S GO...!



AS THE BLIZZARD HOWLS SAVAGELY ON THE HIGH RIDGES...

FURY! WHAT IS IT, GREAT HORSE? THE WIND HAS SHIFTED—DO YOU SCENT SOMETHING...?

WHEE-E-E-E!

IT'S—RUSTY! FROZEN IN THAT THIN SHIRT! HE'S STILL ALIVE, BUT SINKING FAST! HOW CAN I SAVE HIM—IN THIS STORM?

THIS IS THE ONLY SHELTER FOR MILES! A SUMMER LINE-CABIN, WITH CHINKS IN THE LOGS SO THAT SNOW BLOWS IN! I'LL SEND FURY BACK TO THE BROKEN BOW TO BRING PACKY. BUT IN THE MEAN-TIME... RUSTY MAY DIE...!

LIGHTING A FIRE IN THE FIREPLACE, STRAIGHT ARROW FILLS IN THE SPACES BETWEEN THE LOGS WITH HARD PACKED SNOW...

THE FIRE IN THERE WILL MELT THIS SNOW... THEN I'LL PUT THE FIRE OUT. THE INTENSE COLD WILL FREEZE THE MELTED SNOW SOLID!

WITH MY BLANKET YOUR ONLY PROTECTION AGAINST THIS COLD, SON, YOU'LL HAVE TO BE PATIENT—UNTIL THAT MELTED SNOW FREEZES.

THEN I'LL RELIGHT THE FIRE... AND THE ICE IN THE CHINKS WILL SEAL THE CABIN TIGHT AS A TIN CAN!

SOON A FIRE IS ROARING IN THE FIREPLACE, AND THE COMANCHE CHIEFTAIN FEEDS RUSTY GOOD INDIAN FOOD—THE STALKS OF THE SPANISH BAYONET ROASTED OVER HOT STONES...

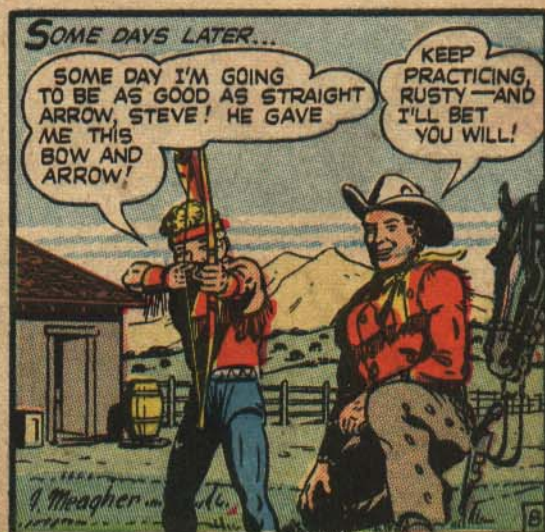
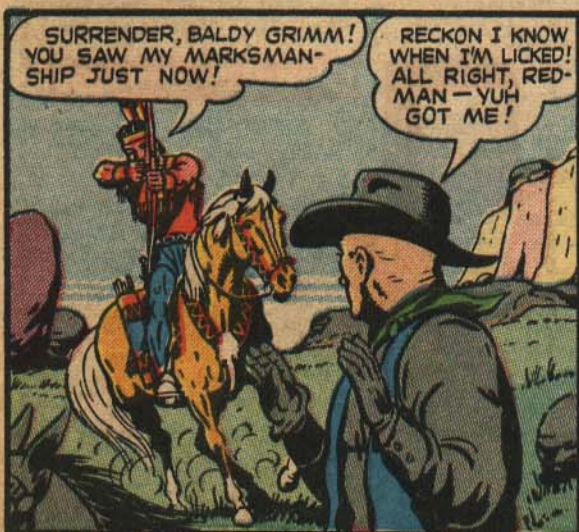
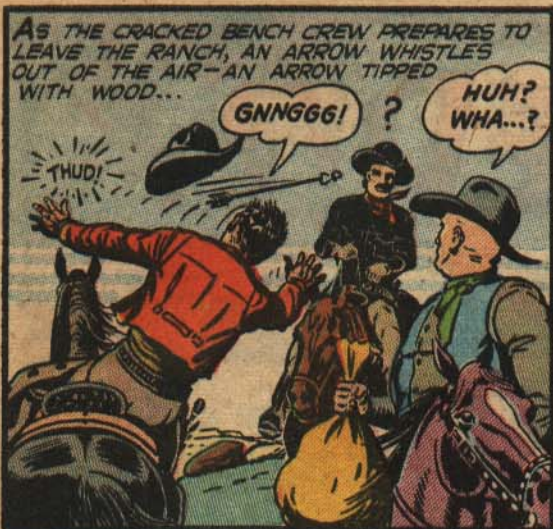
THIS IS GOOD, STRAIGHT ARROW!

INDIANS EAT THEM, RUSTY. THEY ARE TASTY... AND NOURISHING! BUT DON'T TALK. JUST REST!

SOMEWHAT LATER—STRAIGHT ARROW RETURNS WITH MOLLY AND PACKY...

THIS POOR BOY! PACKY—BRING IN THE FOOD AND BLANKETS!

STAY WITH RUSTY AND MOLLY, PACKY! I RIDE FOR THE CRACKED BENCH RANCH—AND BALDY GRIMM!



WANTED

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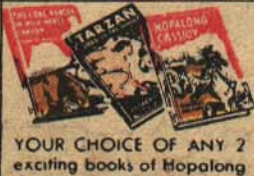


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ROY ROGERS WRIST WATCH

to the other Indians of the Plains, a means of gaining glory and coup decorations, was entered into with joy and dancing. To the white man, especially those of English blood and derivation, war is distasteful. Strangely enough, this makes the English and American great soldiers: they wish to kill and destroy their enemy swiftly, so that the war may be over that much sooner. But to the Sioux, war was a happy time. It was the occasion for the ash bows to be unwrapped, for the pots of war paint to be brought out, for the decorations on horse and shield to be renewed.

The Sioux warriors used ash bows, for these stood up to hard usage, unlike the cherry bows used by the huntsman. To the bows they added their long lances, painted and decorated with feathers. Since the Sioux were a tall and powerful race, their warriors, mounted on their fleet, painted war ponies, were a stirring sight as they rode from camp on the war trail, coyote-and beaver-tails dangling from belt and quivers, broad silver earrings jangling, sunlight flashing on lance-head and pipe-tomahawk. The word went across the prairies . . . *the Sioux are riding!*

Hereditary enemies of the Sioux were the Crows and Pawnees. The Crows, cleverest horse thieves of the Plains, were wont to slip silently and unseen into the Sioux horse herds. A waved red blanket, a hoarse shout or imitated scream of a wild animal, and the herds would be off in a rush! Whistling arrows and hurled lances took care of the horse guards, who often were boys. When the patience of the Sioux was exhausted, the young men began braiding red flannel into their ponies' tails, and smearing them with paint. They were going out to teach those pesky Crows a lesson!

Ranging from Wyoming through the two Dakotas and into Nebraska, the Sioux enjoyed some of the most spectacular scenic wonders of the entire North American continent. Particularly did they love the Black Hills of the Dakotas, which they called *he sapa*. Mountain streams, cold and sweet, with the fish jumping clear; mountains trimmed with fir and conifer, pinon and pine; great grasslands and rolling meadows with the sun beating down and the shaggy buffalo shaking the ground as they ran—these were the heritage and the love of the Sioux.

It is with little wonder, understanding this, and understanding also that the Sioux depended on the buffalo for food and clothing, toys and religious rattles, that the wanton slaughter of the buffalo and the invasion of the whites who did not trouble to understand the Indian provoked them to war!

The Sioux ate small breakfasts, noonday meals, then good meals at evening, yet they never overate. The buffalo, first and always,

was their main source of meat. Then too, there were rabbits, gophers and other small animals. The roots of certain plants, the wild onion, and corn, were part of their steady diet. Soups and stews were popular. Berries, the prickly pear and juniper, together with many other types of berries and currants, stood high in their favor as food tidbits.

One of the more colorful of the Sioux dances is the horse dance, in which sixteen horses and sixteen riders participate: four are black for the west, four are white for the snowy north; red are the four riders and horses representing the east, and buckskin is the color of the four from the south. Walking before the horsemen who ride four abreast, are four girls with all their garments red, their faces dyed red, with eagle feathers in their hair and green sage in their hair. To the accompaniment of songs, the horse dance goes on—wild, colorful, barbaric!

The Sioux, more than any other Plains tribe, produced great chiefs whose names are familiar to us today. Who has not heard of Sitting Bull? Crazy Horse? Gall? They rode against Custer, with Rain-in-the-Face. Other well known chiefs were Man-Afraid-of-His-Horses, Little Thunder and White Bear.

The Sioux remember Crazy Horse well. He was their great chief, their leader. Modest and inclined to shyness (except in battle), he wore only a single feather in his hair, whereas he was entitled to wear the great feathered war-bonnet. In combat, Crazy Horse is said to have had eight horses cut down from between his legs, yet each time he vaulted off and ran and remounted himself to continue fighting. Today, among the older Sioux men and women who remember him, Crazy Horse was the personification of everything that a Sioux should be.

In early youth the Sioux were taught habits of life that were later to stand them in good stead. They were soon put on a pony and taught to ride. They were shown marks in the earth that an animal had made, or the moccasin tracks of a friendly warrior. Then they were sent out to track down the animal or brave. They sometimes carried tiny bows of willow, to add to the illusion that they were really on the warpath.

Even in their games, the Sioux practiced feats of strength and agility that were to be used years later on battlefields. One favorite stunt was to mount a running horse by twisting a hand in his mane and to swing up on his back. Another variation was to catch hold of the tail and vault upwards.

Today, the Sioux form the second largest tribe of Indians in the United States, numbering somewhat over forty thousand. More than half this number are full-blooded.

THE END

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